

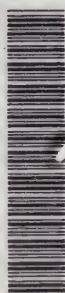
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THE MISSION OF BEAUTY

A POEM

BY CARLETON SPRAGUE

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THE MISSION OF BEAUTY

A POEM

BY CARLETON SPRAGUE



1905

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BY CARLETON SPRAGUE

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I

BEAUTY

II

NATURE

III

LIFE

IV

MIND

V

ART

VI

IMMORTALITY

I

BEAUTY

O, subtle touch divine,
 Caress of God,
His hand laid lightly
 On the wakening world,
His word soft spoken
 Unto awed mankind:
Beauty,
 Thou tender mantle Nature weaves
For all her tenderer moods,
 Protecting mantle Nature wears
In all her sterner ways:
 Thou revelation clear,
God's pledge to earth
 That life is not in vain,—
Along thy healing paths
 Direct our steps,
Open our weary eyes
 That we may clearly see,
Speak! and thy language
 Make us understand,
Enter our hearts
 And therein kindly dwell.

II

NATURE

In lavish splendor through His worlds,
 In infinite variety,
Redeeming beauty reigns
 And naught in Nature lacks.

In grains of dust invisible;
 In stern heights piling heavenward;
In pencil touch on throat and wing;
 In sweeping strokes of sunset hues;
In blue arched dome of summer noon;
 In deep blue dome of summer night,
Whose silent, age defying stars
 Deny our mute, unspoken cry
For light, more light,
 Ere we too die!
And on and on
 The great, still harmony rolls,
And the morning breaks,
 And the big, hot sun
Restores, renews, and answers —
 Life, more Life!

In secret petals
 Mountain grown in chasms inaccessible;
 In gardens where the single rose
 With sheen of circling dove competes;
 In forests deep, dark, murmuring
 With whisperings of the night;
 In lacework of wide spreading trees,
 Pale moonlight filtering through
 And sparkling on sad Evening's tears
 The gently fallen dew;
 In bending, sighing, storm rocked pines,
 That catch the music of the winds,
 And rearing high their crested tops
 Sing in earth's symphony of sound;
 In myriad moss and lichen forms
 That carpet earth's untrodden ways,
 Where dwells a marvellous insect world,
 Unknown, unseen, that wondrous life,
 That counterpart of fairyland;
 In every growing, life stirred thing;
 In every beat of every wing;

In poise of startled, listening deer;
 In glistening rush of gleaming fish
 That thread the many mooded sea,—
 Now sunlit, trackless, blue and mild,
 Now surging, dark, relentless, wild,—
 Eternal mother in whose heart
 All waters find their final goal;
 In cool, secluded mountain lakes,
 Where live again in azure hues
 The grassy shores and rocks and hills,
 And high set peaks of mountain land;
 In hurrying, sparkling, forest streams
 That add their constant tribute
 To the deep, wide river,—
 Flowing now, in placid stream,
 By well tilled shores,
 Now torn in steep, and rock strewn bed,
 With flashing, broken spray tossed high,—
 Now, seeming poised,—
 As suddenly,
 With swift, relentless, sweeping rush,
 It falls with palpitating roar,
 Far down the sheer cut precipice,
 And carves its course through canyons deep
 Down to the mighty inland lakes,
 Down to the ocean's outstretched arms,
 To lose itself, at last, far off,
 In the engulfing sea;

In fertile valleys forest bound,
 Where gleams the green of succulent spring;
 In fertile prairies golden toned,
 Their wide spread acres lost to view
 In shimmering growth of harvest suns,—
 Those fertile lands, where, year by year,
 Is writ, as on a fading scroll,
 In track of furrow, tramp of feet,
 The story of man's husbandry;
 The crop is garnered, cold and frost
 Erase the story of the toil,—
 The spirit of the conqueror
 Survives the generations through !

O, endless wealth of loveliness
 So lavished on our blinded view,
Our halting words inadequate
 Fail utterly to speak thy due;
We live our little span, constrained
 By limits set beyond our will,
We fail, and fall, and fear, and hope
 With inward view, nor see until
We raise our gaze, then meets the eye
 The bow that God has set on high.

III

LIFE

The miracle the first man saw
 In endless repetition we too see,
But appreciation due
 In long familiarity is lost;
Wise Nature's law, affinity,
 Love, union, birth,
The seed, the soil, the sun,
 The gentle rain from heaven,
The miracle and mystery of kindled life!
 These wonders on a sudden
Burst upon our view,
 And all life's beauty thrills us through
With throbs of happiness and awe,
 Uplifts the sympathetic mood
And bears the soul on outstretched wings
 Aloft to regions high of larger view,
Aloft to regions vast of understanding mind.

Our vision clears, the Spirit hovers near;
 We see it rest upon true lovers' vows;
 Upon pure love
 We see it press its precious kiss
 To consecrate a new life's dawn;
 It glorifies the mother's eyes
 That confident the future view,
 Wherein she sees that nestling form
 With virtue, goodness, wisdom clad,
 A fearless, conquering, well girt knight,
 Redressing wrong, upholding right,
 The victor
 Crowned at honor's goal.
 Rejoice! O, winners in the race,
 And every laurel leaf rejoice!
 And every vein of every leaf,
 And every vein of every stem,
 The Spirit folds you in her wings!
 Those wings that touch the maiden's face
 And softly wave her sunlit hair,
 And gently sweep her graceful form
 So subtly moulded, hand of man,
 With brush and chisel, vainly strives
 To cast in more enduring mould.
 Fair attitude and vision fair,
 Thy fortune is the future's bond;
 Men kneel before thy shrine and pray
 For worthiness, for purity,
 For absolution and for thee;
 Goddess adored, vision supreme,
 The world grows dark and cold
 While they, in all unworthy
 Save in love,
 Trembling and faint, cowards to hear,
 From ice to fire
 Leap at thy soft spoke word.

We see it in the radiant face
 Of budding manhood
 Looking out along life's pathway but begun;
 His manly vigor shines and glows
 With every muscle well in tune,
 And all the complicated scheme
 Of marvelous structure
 Beats and bends
 In unison complete and weird
 To the controlling mind;
 And every mountain looks a hill,
 And widest rivers, tiny brooks,
 And densest forests, pleasant glades,
 And fiercest beasts and birds seem tame;
 And all the yawning gulfs are bridged,
 And every man stands forth to lend
 A helping hand along the way,
 Along the way where flowers grow.
 No wonder
 All the gods are young,
 No wonder
 God is made a man,
 The perfect man has lived,—
 Was God!

We see it in strong purposed men,
 The product of the life matured,
 Through face revealed
 Where conquering strength
 Has set the print of victory;
 All fallen foes forgiven are,
 The summit stands in clear outline,
 Strong, well poised, sure,
 Trained and controlled,
 Revered, respected, resolute
 To listen, answer, and to act;
 The crisis rises, lesser men
 Stand trembling, pale, inadequate,
 Dreading the future's unknown fate,
 Powerless to think, to speak, to do;
 Then stands he forth
 And hope is bred,
 And craven fear retreats, abashed,
 And sullen envy reason learns,
 And discontent to reason turns,
 In wise and generous leadership
 An honorable peace is born;
 While by his side,
 Hand strong in hand,
 A woman wise sustains, upholds,
 A woman counsels, cares, consoles.

Ah, Love,
 Upon the altar of thy happiness
 This day, dear heart,
 Once more
 I consecrate my love for thee;
 For all the treasure of thy constant love,
 Which year by year, unstintingly,
 Thou givest me so far beyond my due,
 I only bring the tribute of my love;
 Wherein this gladdens thee,
 Wherein it adds in any way
 To thy dear life, which, day by day,
 I watch unfold, expand, and open to my view
 The fruits of all thy well spent years,
 The fruits of thy maturing mind,
 Thy goodness, wisdom, charity,
 Unselfishness and self restraint,
 Thy sweetness and thy modesty,
 Therein, dear, am I glad;
 And always when I fail, dear heart,
 To be
 That which thy love
 Has made it possible
 For me to be,
 Then in thy charity,
 Once more forgive,
 And of thy treasure
 Give me yet again.

With thanks for
 Mrs. Knol's letter

Miss Williams

Old Age The shadows lengthen, day declines,
 From out the hush
 A wondrous stillness reigns,
 From out the dusk
 A wondrous peace prevails;
 An influence benign
 O'er hill and vale serenely rests;
 Breathless, suspended,
 Evening-tide, calm and content,
 Awaits the enfolding night;
 The boisterous winds
 Have sped to brighter suns
 Their flying steeds;
 The mounting clouds, in dark dismay,
 In heaven's far confines huddled,
 Hide their disastrous breath;
 The chariots of the sun
 Beyond earth's borders flee,
 Summoning new lands to life
 And warmth and stern activity.
 Enthroned in age,—
 Before the darkness falls,—
 O, Spirit,
 Hear our prayer on bended knee;
 Thy crown of peace be ours,
 Wrought from the gold of pure desires,
 Studded with gems of good accomplishment,
 Untarnished by the breath of all unworthiness,
 Strong in the interwoven strands
 Of charity for all,
 Peace and good will to men.

Death From earth to leaf,
 To earth and ash;
 The sword suspended falls,
 The golden thread gives way,
 The tiny flame burns dim and fails;
 The final dreaded mystery
 Stands out before the expectant soul;
 O, Spirit,
 Childlike make our final sleep;
 The key is thine,—
 Against the greater knowledge
 Rises the portal vast,—
 Rare spirits forge the key,
 The key is love;
 Strong in the strength of it,
 Borne on the wings of it,
 Step the undaunted
 Forth
 Into the dark.

IV

MIND

Out of the whirl of worlds,
 Out of the hand of time,
Order evolved;
 Out of the birth of man,
Out of the rise of man,
 Law of his life;
Out of the grain of sense
 Man's highest recompense
Reasoning mind;
 God, Thou hast ordered it,
Thine is the law of it,
 Beauty the awe of it
Thine be the praise.

Limitless, eternal,
 Space bounded by space,
 Age piling on age, endlessly,
 Vastness inconceivable, infinite:
 Hot whirling nebulae,
 Mother of suns,
 Parent of planets,
 Set in fixed courses,
 Turned to the harmony
 Of plans eternal:
 Birth of great teeming lands,
 Molten and barren:
 Birth of wide waters,
 Seething and vaporous:
 Age of the giant plants,
 Age of the monster life;—
 Step rising on step.
 Higher yet higher;
 Man last in all the scale,
 Pausing an age,—
 God's moment,—
 Waiting a destiny
 Felt in rare hours,
 Low whispered prescience
 Of loftier life.

The winter passes, magic powers
 In silence stir all slumbering life,
The potent bud unfolds and flowers
 To leaf and fruit, and branch and stem;
And bird calls bird, and bee seeks blossom,
 And every timid, wild born thing,
By appetite and instinct led,
 Pursues the way of fate ordained.

Amidst these moving marvels
 Man
 Alone perceives and understands,
 Alone in his high heritage
 The privilege of Mind.
 Born to an unstable grasp
 Of a short allotted day,
 Cast out on existence's sea,
 Saved by that one attribute,—
 Power from a source supreme,—
 Man divinely justified
 For his right to be.
 Secrets of life's hidden wonders
 Slowly to his mind unfold,
 Glimpses of the mighty power
 Which shall lead the race to truth;
 Spirit of the law of beauty
 Thine the star to light the way,
 In thy fair and perfect image
 Man shall test his right to live.

Into his hands committed earth's millions,
 Generation following generation
 Time without end;
 Out of his hands flowing
 World weal for woe;
 Reason succeeding instinct,
 Order quelling riot;
 Out of the seething mass
 Of men savage, men lustful, men brutal,
 Out of their envy, out of their hate,
 His to evolve order and tolerance,
 Justice and temperance, liberty and peace,
 Laws for the common good;
 His to evolve charity and patience,
 Benevolence and mercy,
 Virtue and the sacrifice of self;
 Wise government of united peoples,
 Honesty and chastity,
 The joy of work, the joy of play.

Nature the prodigal,—
 Millions unfruitful,—
 One seed to beauty flowers,
 One man in wisdom blooms;
 Rose begot of seed excelling,
 Violet joyous for a day,
 Bloom unconscious for the ages,
 Waft their perfume for alway;
 Captains and their hosts in armor
 Shining with the light of faith,
 Brave, unselfish lives they offer,
 Dying that the right may live;
 Toilers at the stubborn fortress,—
 Baffling heights where science hides,—
 Silent battles fought in secret,
 Victory won by single hand;
 Giant boulders burst asunder,
 Pure the crystal lies revealed,
 One more costly jewel added
 To the diadem of truth.

Deeper delving, higher climbing,
More revealed and clearer sight,
Man with added knowledge marching
Towards the goal which fades from view
In the mists which veil life's secrets,
In the sunset's gorgeous hues,
Where the pathway leads in splendor
To the citadel of light,
Whence man's heavenly given power
Shall so wisely rule mankind,
Peace of heaven on earth descended
Through the miracle of Mind.

V

ART

Light of the summer sun,
Breath of the wandering breeze,
Rain of the vaporous sky,
Earth's beauties multiply
In nature's perfect plan.
Born of the ardent mind,
Imagination,—fruitful child,—
Striving for utterance,
Raises the works of man
Into the lofty realm where beauty dwells,
Into the kingdom where
Art sits enthroned.
Virgin, high and fair and pure,
At thy feet thy votaries
Sit in all humility,
Listening for thy sacred word,
Listening for thy sacred note,
Watching for thy sacred fire.
Thine the magic wand to change
High built dome to shrine of God;
Thine the vital soaring flame
Which instills cold sculptured clay
With the living, breathing fire;
Thine the tender touch which guides
Stroke and brush of master hand;
Thine the magic tongue which speaks
In enduring words of men;
Thine the holy beat which throbs
In the highest note of song.

*Architecture
The Temple
of Juno
at Girgenti*

Faced to the light
 Of the declining day,
 Glowing with rosy tints,—
 Those first fair promises of sleep,—
 Set on commanding heights
 And born to proud command,
 Through twice twelve hundred years
 The pillared temple stands.
 Out of the East the builders came
 And on the shining shore
 Of the wide inland sea
 They pitched their camps,
 Then builded to the gods
 As they were wont to do on Attic shores
 Where beauty held its sway.
 Mighty the task
 By mighty minds inspired,
 And great was their content,
 For in their hearts they knew
 That what they did was good
 And pleasing to great Jove,
 To whom they made
 The living sacrifice of beeves
 And full libations poured of ruddy wine.

On nestling slopes and pleasant plain
 The teeming city life
Was born and grew,
 And waxed and waned in power,
And throbbed
 With love, and hate, and wealth, and pride.
Then from the North
 And from the South
Came warring hordes
 And stilled the urban heart;
And in their lust
 They smote and killed,
And left nor town nor man.
 But through the softening years
The kindly hand of nature
 Laid a pall of flowers wild,
And grasses of the field
 Upon the land,
And to the fertile soil
 The nestling slopes and plain
Once more returned.

Against the temple high,—
 In impotence and fear,—
 The leveling blow was stayed ;
 Nor heavy hand of time,
 Nor wanton war, nor covetous man,
 Nor surging winter blast,
 Have ruin wrought complete ;
 In majesty and grace to the admiring day
 The roofless columns rise,
 In mystic splendor to the moon,
 The phantom of the past
 Raises its broken shafts,
 While the confiding wind
 Whispers the tale through centuries told,
 And every listening ear hears,
 And all men understand ;
 While far below,
 Beneath the selfsame stars,
 The silver sea the triremes rode
 Sounds on the selfsame shore.

Sculpture
Michael
Angelo's
Greek
Slave

Through untold years a slave
 By thought set free;
 To stand again a slave,—
 The dead stone vibrant, throbbing,
 Impotent against the encircling bands;
 What man art thou!
 An image merely, made of stone!
 A faithful counterfeit of living flesh!
 Enduring copy of a transient life,
 Limb like to limb,
 And every feature
 But the duplicate of an external man,
 So deftly done
 The one who sees
 Is lost in wonder
 At the external likeness!
 Or, in thee shall we see,—
 Closing the visual eye
 And letting fancy free
 To revel in the halls of our imaginings,—
 The soul of man
 In eagerness and all in vain
 In combat to be free;
 Unending strife to 'scape the encumbering clay,
 The secret learn,
 And in the perfect peace of perfect knowledge
 Strong and assured
 To rest content.

Or spirit of the good
 Entangled in the mesh of all the evil nets
 Set for unwary man;—
 The strife perpetual
 Which is the cost of righteous living;
 Or what thy hidden tale!
 A mean, bound slave art thou!
 Then whence thy subtle power
 To set men free,
 To loose them from themselves,
 To summon from their minds
 Their unused consciousness of higher things,
 To light appreciation's lamp
 Upon the altar of dulled senses,
 So that joy to beauty wed
 Steeps men in self-forgetfulness,
 Enthralls and glorifies their lives
 For one brief hour
 In beauty's realm in thee create!

The master set thee free ;
 Thy moulded form,
 Conceived in genius' brain,
 Sprang from the rough hewn block
 'Neath his unerring hand
 Into thy quivering shape ;
 He breathed the potent spell upon thy brow,
 And his the subtle power which dwells in thee,
 Which lets thee laugh at death
 From thy high vantage ground
 Of art immortal ;
 And in thy presence makes men stand
 In reverence and awe,
 As stood the Greeks
 In Attic days
 Before the marble forms
 Of living gods.

Painting
Botticelli's
Spring

Through sunlit woods where dryads dwell,
 Beneath the blossoming trees
 Where gentle birds to gentle mates
 In tender song
 Their loving hearts pour forth;
 Where Pan unto the woods
 Enchanted music makes,
 Until all living things and earth and air
 With happy chorus ring;
 Where naiads live in sparkling, laughing streams;
 Where placid pools reflect the summer clouds,
 The flight of silent wings,
 And quivering leaves and swaying boughs;
 Where graceful ferns
 'Neath tall stemmed lilies droop,
 And daffodil and violet, like bright hued gems,
 Earth's vivid green
 Of crowded moss and new grown grass
 Are patterned o'er;
 Where all the hosts of fairy folk
 Play in the glistening dew;
 And where, — at intervals, — there reigns
 A stillness so intense,
 The sympathetic ear is filled
 With that vast hymn of myriad sounds
 Pervading earth and air,—
 The blasts of all Earth's heralds
 Blended in glorious melody,—
 The splendid note that nature strikes,
 Proclaiming —
 Spring is come!

See where she stands!

Nor stands, but forward bends, so quietly
The eye of man no movement notes;

With flowers bedecked; — from bounteous store
She strews the earth,—

A maiden fair, smiling and tender;
Forces irresistible, in gentleness concealed,

Earth's fruitfulness portend;
Her sisters gone before, she heeds them not,—

The breath of icy March,
Nor April of uncertain mien,—

'Tis lovely May, a smile upon her lips,
And all the wealth of summer in her eyes;

Potent and powerful, gladly expectant,
Her destiny unfulfilled,

The maiden mother, calm and serene,
The parent of the yielding year.

Attend upon her now, ye summer days,
 She gave thee birth, and light, and life;
 Ye sisters three, in circling rythm
 Tread out the langorous days
 Of summer suns and vaporous skies;
 'Neath starlit nights pursue your way
 Through dewy grass and ripening fields,—
 The winged messenger of love attends your steps,
 And guards the birth, and light, and life of untold
 years;
 Attend upon her now, ye autumn days,—
 The end attained, the maid matured,—
 Pluck from the laden boughs the ripened fruit,
 And each shall be
 The promise of another spring,—
 The lovely, blushing bride
 Of all the year.

Thus man,

His aspiration soaring in the heights of thought,

To find expression other than in words,

In deep sincerity has wrought;

Has builded monuments of use,

Added thereto all things of loveliness,

Cut from reluctant stone fair sculptured forms

Instinct with life and power,—

Products of minds trained in the school

Where beauty is the theme of all endeavor;

With brush and pigment reproduced

For man's delight

The passing scenes of life,

The face of those beloved,

And those ideal themes

Born and alive in brains imaginative,

To stimulate the one who sees,

To answer in responsive mood

The problems genius offers to his mind.

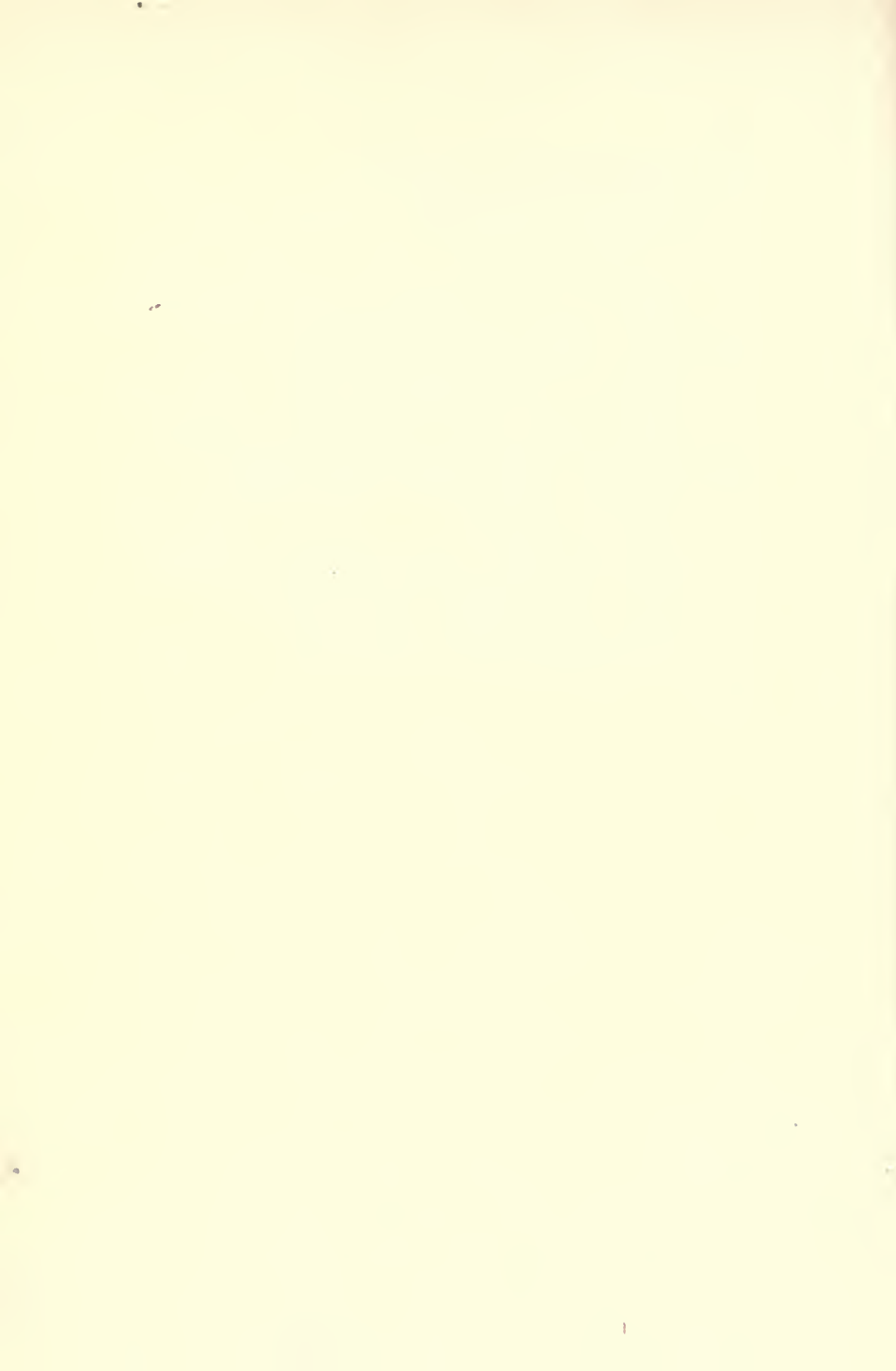
While in man's speech, and in his written word,
 There dwells such marvelous power,
 Such strength to sway whole empires,
 To stir men's souls,
 To bend them to the right,
 To make them smile and weep,
 And hate, and love, and pray,
 That all the assembled hosts
 Of glittering arms the world has ever seen,
 In influence and potency,
 To pygmies shrink
 Before Christ's single word.

Play on, ye tuneful pipes,
 Add your deep harmony
 To the inspired melody
 Which music lends
 To beautify our lives.

 There comes a time when mere words fail;
 Emotions, like the flush of morn,
 Elusive, swift, intangible,
 The love light in the lover's eyes,
 The heart with speechless sorrow rent,
 The formless prayer where aid is none,
 Thy province are.

Play on, ye pipes!

 Play martial airs, play hymns of praise!
 They hear, the soldiers of the Cross,
 Play love, and joy, and peace
 To all mankind.



VI

IMMORTALITY

In all, through all, which way we turn,—

Part seen and understood, and part not fathomed,—
In us the fault may lie;—

Great stretches far beyond our ken,
Where, groping darkly,

Rises a cry of joy in minds surrendered,
Rises a cry for aid in minds dumfounded;

Ever the tongue of man
Framing a word

Born of his heart's desire,
Stay of his wavering sense,—

Lovel Christ! God!
Humbly we name it,

Deep in our heart of hearts
Humbly receive it.

Whence come and whither bound
 Denied us,
 There is that within us tells the story;—
 Far above the human life
 A glory
 Filled with wisdom infinite
 Frames a plan majestic,
 Sets the stars in Heaven,
 Keeps them in their courses,
 Wills the human sacrifice,—
 Earth's poor contribution to the building
 Of the consummation forged on high.
 Seek ye the proofs?
 Look to the beauty of the summer night,
 See but the beauty of all living things,
 Search in the beauty nature spreads,
 Lavish handed, over land and sea,
 Contemplate the beauty of the mind,
 The lives of those who follow Christ among mankind.

Past usefulness,
Silently they fade away,—
The violet's petals, human heart beats,
The great white moon, — the phantom of a world, —
But in the ash of every sacrifice
There hidden lies
A grain of gold
Purified for the end inscrutable.

Great heart beat of the eternal power,
 What tiny drop of our poor blood
 Can mingle in the mighty flow
 Of life immortal!

Perchance an answer came
 That Beauty is the name

Which holds the test;
 If to the sum of things

The human being brings
 Aught that can stand the rays

Of that keen, searching light,
 Aught that retains a purity entire,

Such surely cannot die,
 But to the heart eternal

Must rendered be.
 That all unworthiness, that all unloveliness,

Through charity divine
 Dissolves in dreamless death,

Should that cause fear!
 More dread in this,—

That all man's ugliness,
 In that immortal beauty

Which is God
 Should mirrored be.

Ah, Love, give unto me thy hand,
Turn towards me thy strong gaze,
That I may read within those eyes
The truth that therein lies,—
I cannot doubt,
No beauty dies!
Thy hand in mine,
Dear friend;
Courage!
The failures were of yesterday,
Again the sun
Shall rise.

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